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# J E K Y L L :

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

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— — — — — *miserabile Carmen*

*Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.*

VIRGIL.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DEBRET T, in PICCADILLY.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IT having been much wished by many, who had seen the following Poem in Manuscript, that it might be printed separately as soon as possible, the Publisher solicited, and had the honour to obtain Permission to prepare this early Edition: for the Inaccuracies of which, if any should occur, he begs leave to offer, as an apology, the unavoidable Dispatch which he has exerted on the present Occasion.



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J E K Y L L,

&c. &c. &c.

---

J E K Y L L, the wag of law, the scribbler's pride,

CALNE to the senate sent—when TOWNSEND died.

So LANSDOWN will'd :—the old hoarse rook at rest,

A jackdaw-phoenix chatters from his nest.

Statesman, and lawyer now, with clashing cares, 5

The' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares :

Yet stays his step, where, with congenial play,

The well-known fountain babbles day by day :

The

The little fountain!—whose restricted course,  
 In low, faint essays owns its shallow source. 10  
 There, to the tinkling jet he tun'd his tongue,  
 While LANSDOWN's fame, and LANSDOWN's fall he sung.

“ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew  
 “ Of felon whigs—great LANSDOWN's pow'r o'erthrew?  
 “ For neither then, within St. Stephen's wall 15  
 “ Obedient WESTCOTE hail'd the Treafury-call;  
 “ Nor treachery then had branded EDEN's fame,  
 “ Or taught mankind the miscreant MINCHIN's name.  
 “ Joyful no more (tho' TOMMY spoke so long)  
 “ Was high-born HOWARD's cry, or POWNEY's prattling  
 “ tongue. 20  
 “ Vain was thy roar, MAHON!—tho' loud and deep;  
 “ Not our own GILBERT could be rous'd from sleep.  
 “ No



- “ No bargain yet, the tribe of PHIPPS had made :  
 “ LANSDOWN ! you fought in vain ev'n MULGRAVE's aid ;  
 “ MULGRAVE—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprise, 25  
 “ The *speechless* SPEAKER lifts his drowsy eyes.  
 “ Ah ! hapless day ! still, as thy hours return,  
 “ Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn !  
 “ Each quack and sympathizing juggler groan,  
 “ While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan. 30  
 “ Oh ! much-lov'd peer !—my patron !—model !—friend !  
 “ How does thy alter'd state my bosom rend.  
 “ Alas ! the ways of courts are strange and dark !  
 “ PITT scarce would make thee now—a Treasury-clerk !”

Stung with the maddening thought, his griefs, his fears 35  
 Dissolve the plaintive counsellor in tears.

“ How oft,” he cries, “ has wretched LANSDOWN said,

“ *Curs’d be the toilsome hours by statesmen led !*

“ *Oh ! had kind Heaven ordain’d my humbler fate*

“ *A country gentleman’s---of small estate---* 40

“ *With PRICE and PRIESTLEY, in some distant grove,*

“ *Blest I had led the lowly life I love.*

“ *Thou, PRICE ! had deign’d to calculate my flocks !*

“ *Thou, PRIESTLEY ! sav’d them from the lightning’s shocks !*

“ *Unknown the storms and tempests of the state——* 45

“ *Unfelt the mean ambition to be great ;——*

“ *In BOWOOD’s shade had past my peaceful days,*

“ *Far from the town and its delusive ways ;*

“ *The crystal brook my bev’rage---and my food*

“ *Hips, cornels, haws, and berries of the wood.”* 50

“ Blest peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow !

“ Thou Cincinnatus of the British plough !

“ But,

“ But, rouse again thy talents and thy zeal !

“ Thy Sovereign, sure, must wish thee *Privy-seal*.

“ Or, what if from the seals thou art debarr’d ? 55

“ CHANDOS, at least, he might for *thee* discard.

“ Come, LANSDOWN ! come—thy life, no more thy own,

“ Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :

“ For BRITAIN’S sake, the weight of greatness bear,

“ And suffer honors thou art doom’d to wear. 60

To *thee*, her Princes, lo ! where INDIA sends,

All BENFIELD’S here—and there all HASTINGS’ friends ;

MACPHERSON—WRAXALL—SULLIVAN---behold !

CALL---BARWELL---MIDDLETON---with heaps of gold !

RAJAHS---NABOBS---from OUDE---TANJORE---ARCOT— 65

And see!---(nor, oh ! disdain him !) MAJOR SCOT.

Ah ! give the MAJOR but one gracious Nod :

Ev’n PITT himself once deign’d to court the SQUAD.

“ Oh ! be it *theirs*, with more than patriot heat,  
 “ To snatch thy virtues from their lov’d retreat 70  
 “ Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,  
 “ And make thee minister - - - Oh ! God ! but when !”

Thus mourn’d the youth—’till, sunk in pensive grief,  
 He woo’d his handkerchief for soft relief.  
 In either pocket either hand he threw ; 75  
 When, lo !—from each, a precious tablet flew.  
 This,—his sage patron’s wond’rous speech on trade :  
 This,—his own book of farcafins ready made.  
 Tremendous book !—thou motley Magazine  
 Of stale feverities, and pilfer’d spleen ! 80  
 Oh ! rich in ill !—within thy leaves entwin’d,  
 What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind.

Satire's *Museum*!—with SIR ASHTON's lore,  
 The naturalist of malice eyes thy store :  
 Ranging, with fell Virtû, his poisonous tribes 85  
 Of embryo sneers, and animalcule gibes.  
 Here insect puns their feeble wings expand,  
 To speed, in little flights, their lord's command :  
 There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees  
 Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees. 90  
 In modern spirits ancient wit he sleeps ;  
 If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps :  
 Thy quaintness, DUNNING ! but without thy sense ;  
 And just enough of BEARCROFT, for offence.  
 On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw : 95  
 But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue.  
 Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,  
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er Lansdown's speech.

Then,

Then, loud the youth proclaims the' enchanting words

That charm'd the " noble natures " of the lords. 100

*" Lost and obscur'd in Bowood's humble bow'r,*

*" No party tool—no candidate for pow'r—*

*" I come, my lords ! an hermit from my cell,*

*" A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.*

*" Highly I praise your late commercial plan ;* 105

*" Kingdoms should all unite—like man and man.*

*" The FRENCH love peace—ambition they detest :*

*" But CHEREBURG's frightful works deny me rest.*

*" With joy I see new wealth for BRITAIN shipp'd.*

*" LISBON'S A FROWARD CHILD, AND SHOULD BE WHIPP'D. 110*

*" Yet PORTUGAL'S our old and best ally,*

*" And Gallic faith is but a slender tie.*

*" My*

- “ *My lords ! the manufacturer’s a fool ;*
- “ *The clothier, too, knows nothing about wool :*
- “ *Their interests still demand our constant care ;* 115
- “ *Their griefs are mine—their fears are my despair.*
- “ *My lords ! my soul is big with dire alarms ;*
- “ *TURKS, GERMANS, RUSSIANS, PRUSSIANS, all in arms !*
- “ *A noble POLE (I’m proud to call him friend !)*
- “ *Tells me of things—I cannot comprehend.* 120
- “ *Your lordships’ hairs would stand an end to bear*
- “ *My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.*
- “ *The fears of DANTZICK-MERCHANTS can’t be told ;*
- “ *Accounts from CRACOW make my blood run cold.*
- “ *The state of PORTSMOUTH, and of PLYMOUTH DOCKS,* 125
- “ *Your Trade—your Taxes—Army---Navy---Stocks---*
- “ *All haunt me in my dreams : and, when I rise,*
- “ *The Bank of England scares my opening eyes.*

“ *I see*

- “ I see---I know some dreadful storm is brewing;  
 “ *Arm all your coasts---YOUR NAVY IS YOUR RUIN.* 130  
 “ I say it still: but (let me be believ’d)  
 “ In this your lordships have been much deceiv’d.  
 “ A NOBLE DUKE affirms, I like HIS plan:  
 “ I never DID, my lords!—I never CAN—  
 “ Shame on the slanderous breath! which dares instill 135  
 “ That I, who now condemn, advis’d the ill.  
 “ Plain words, thank Heav’n! are always understood:  
 “ I COULD approve, I said---but not I WOULD.  
 “ *Anxious to make the NOBLE DUKE content,*  
 “ *My view was just to SEEM to give consent,* 140  
 “ *While all the world might see that nothing less was meant.”* }

While JEKYLL thus, the rich exhaustless store  
 Of LANSDOWN’S rhetoric ponders o’er and o’er,

And,



And, rapt in happier dreams of future days,  
 His patron's triumphs in his own surveys; 145  
 Admiring barristers in crowds resort  
 From Figtree---Brick---Harc---Pump---and Garden Court.  
 Anxious they gaze—and watch with silent awe  
 The motley son of politics and law.  
 Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows, 150  
 He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

“ Thanks, generous friends,” he cries, “ kind TEMPLARS,  
 “ thanks !

“ Tho' now, with LANSDOWN's band, your JEKYLL ranks,  
 “ Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares ;  
 “ Still—still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* shares.” 155

But, see! the shades of night o'erspread the skies!  
 Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.  
 Far different hopes our separate toils inspire:  
 To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.  
 With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown, 160  
 Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown:  
 Brood o'er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,  
 And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.  
 Me, all unpractis'd in the bashful mood,  
 Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude. 165  
 Yes, *modest* Eloquence! ev'n *I* must court  
 For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support.  
 Oh! would'st thou lend the semblance of thy charms!  
 Feign'd agitations, and assum'd alarms;  
 'Twere all I'd ask:—but for one day alone 170  
 To ape thy downcast look—thy suppliant tone:

To

To pause---and bow with hesitating grace——

Here try to falter—there a word misplace :

Long-banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,

And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*.

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*F I N I S.*

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